

Entituled *Leader-haugh* and *Yarrow*,

To its own proper Tune.

When *Phœbus* bright the Azure Sky,
With Golden Rayes enlighteneth;
These things Sublunar he espies,
Herbs, Trees and Plants, he quick'neeth;
Among all those he makes his choice,
and gladlie goes he thorow,
With radiant beams and silver streams
through *Leader-haugh* and *Yarrow*.
When *Aries* the Day and Night,
in equal length divideth,
Old Frolic Saturn takes the Flight,
no longer he abideth,
Then *Mora* Queen with Mantle Green,
casts off her deadlie sorrow,
And Vows to dwell with *Ceres* tell;
in *Leader-haugh* and *Yarrow*,
Pan playing with his Oaten reed,
with Shepherds him attending,
Doth him resort their Flocks to feed,
the Hills and Haughs commending,
With Bottle, Bag and Staff with Knag,
and all Singing good morrow,
They swear no Field more pleasure yields;
than *Leader-haugh* and *Yarrow*,
One House there stands on *Leader* side,
surmounting my describing,
With ease rooms rare, and windows clear,
like *Indalas* contriving,
Men passing by do oft en say,
in South it bath no marrow,
It stands as fair on *Leader* side,
as *New mark* does on *Yarrow*,
A Mile below who lists to ride,
they'll hear the Mavis singing,
Into *St. Leonard's Banks* she'll bide,
sweet *Birks* her head o're hinging,
The Lintwithe loud, and Progue Proud,
with tender Throats and Narrow;
Into *St. Leonard's Banks* do sing,
as sweetly as in *Yarrow*,
The *Lapwing* liketh o'er the *Lee*,
with Nimble wings she sporteth,
But Vows she'll not come near the Tree,
where *Philomel* resorteth,
By break of day the Lark can say,
I'll bid you all good morrow,
I'll yowl and yell for I may Dwell,
in *Leader-haugh* and *Yarrow*,
Park Wanton walls and *Wodden Clough*,
the *East* and *West*er Maines,
The Forreſt of *Lawders* fair enough,
the Corns are good in *Blainflies*,
Where Oats are fine and Sold by kind,
that if you search all thorow,
Mearns, *Buchan*, *Mar*, none better are,
then *Leader-haugh* and *Yarrow*,
In *Burn Miln Bog* and *Whit shed* shaws
the fearful Hare she haunteth,
Bridge haugh & *Broad wood* well she knaws
to the *Chapel wood* frequentereth,
Yet when she irks to *Kieſie Birks*,
she runs and sighs for sorrow,

That she should leave sweet *Leader-haugh*
and cannot win to *Yarrow*,
What sweeter Musick would you hear,
than Hounds and Beigels crying;
The Hare waits not but flies for fear,
their hard pursuits defying,
But yet her strength it fails at length,
no building can she borrow,
At *Haggs Clockmas* nor *Sorlesfield*,
but longs to be at *Yarrow*,
For *Rask wood*, *Ring wood*, *Rival*, *Aimer*
still thinking for to view her,
O're *Dubb* and *Dyke* In *Leader haugh*,
she's run the fields all thorow,
Yet ends her days in *Leader-haugh*,
and bids fairwell to *Yarrow*,
Then *Eastlingtown* and *Colding Knaws*,
where *Homes* had once commanding,
And *Drygrange* with the milk with Ewes,
twixt *Tweed* and *Yarrow* standing,
The Birds that fies through *Red Path* trees
and *Gladfwood* banks all thorow,
May chant and sing sweet *Leader-haugh*,
and the bonnie banks of *Yarrow*,
But *Burn* cannot his Grief assuage:
while that his Days endureth,
To see the changes of this Age,
which day and time procureth,
For many a place stands in hard case,
where *Burns* was blyth beforrow,
With *Homes* that dwell on *Leader side*
and *Soots* that dwell in *Yarrow*.

The Words of *Burn the Visiter*.

What shall my Viol silent be,
or leave her wonted scolding,
But chuse I me sadder Elegie,
no sports and mirths deriding
It must be taen with lower strain.
then it was wont beforrow,
To sound the praise of *Leader-haugh*,
and the bonny banks of *Yarrow*,
But Floods have overflown the banks,
the greenish haughs disgracing,
And Trees in wood grow thin in Ranks,
about the Fields defacing,
For Waters waxes wood doth waind,
more if I could for sorrow,
In rural Verse I could Rehearſe,
of *Leader-haugh* and *Yarrow*.
But sighs and Sebs o'rfets my breath,
fore saltish Tears forth sending,
All things Sublunar here on Earth,
are subject to an ending,
So must my Song though somewhat long,
yet late at Even and Morrow,
I'll sigh and sing sweet *Leader haugh*,
and the bonny banks of *Yarrow*.

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